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BY WOODLAND



AND SEA.

(Hyannis and Vicinity)

BY

MRS. A. V. DAVIS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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## PRELUDE.

*TYANOUGH ! of thy charms we sing,  
Fair village of the coast,  
Thy rocks and streams and wooded dells,  
Shall be our loving boast;  
We sing the praises of thy vales,  
Of fields and forest shade,  
Where once beneath thy fragrant pines,  
The Red Man's home was made.  
His wigwam stood upon thy hills,  
Midst fields of waving maize,  
With bow and spear he lurked beside  
The waters of thy bays.*

*His dusky face and stalwart form  
Were mirrored in thy streams,  
As on their banks he knelt to drink,  
By daylight's latest beams.  
Thy streets have echoed to the steps  
Of Chief and Indian maid;  
The trail a narrow pathway led  
Beneath thy oak trees shade.  
With wonderment we call to mind,  
These visions of the past;*

## PRELUDE.

*And think how changed the spot where once*

*The Red Man's lot was cast.*

*His light canoe no more is seen,*

*On ocean or on shore;*

*In vain we bend the listening ear,*

*To hear its splashing oar.*

*No arrow speeding through the air,*

*No camp-fires by the sea,*

*No war-whoop ringing loud and clear,*

*Resounds from tree to tree.*

*Gone every trace of Chief and Brave,*

*And hunting grounds so fair,*

*There's nothing left the tale to tell,*

*Save this, the name we bear.*

*IYANOUGH! sweet and musical,*

*It falls upon the ear;*

*The name the Indian Chieftain bore,*

*Thy children hold most dear.*

*Hyannis, January 26th, 1895.*

By Woodland and Sea.





T'S a breath from the sweet scented woodlands,  
A breeze from far out on the sea,  
Only these, - but they take me in fancy,  
To the home as it used to be.

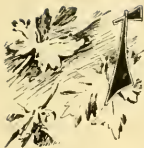
'Twas the home of my earliest manhood,  
Ere the cares of life came to alloy,  
'Twas the home of my youth and my childhood,  
The home that I knew when a boy.

Many years since that time have passed o'er me.  
Odd mixture of pleasure and pain,  
But with many a fond recollection,  
It comes to my vision again.

It is Spring and the voice of the robin,  
I hear from his leafy abode,  
And again I am seeking the Mayflowers,  
That grow by the Barnstable road.







KNEEL down in the soft balmy sunshine,  
And from under the dry oak leaves,  
I pick out all the largest and pinkest,  
And bind with a stem into sheaves.

Oh, ye fair little pink and white blossoms,  
A charm ye bring into our lives,  
That is dear to our hearts, and as sweet as  
The mem'ry your fragrance revives.

And again when the June days are longest,  
And its banks teem with green waving frond,  
I am gathering the pure spotless lillies,  
That grow in Aunt Betty's pond.

And I draw up each stem, long and slender,  
With a joy which my boyish heart suits,  
While I'm standing knee deep in the water,  
With my toes at their tangled roots.





AND how oft' when the red leaves of Autumn,  
Shine bright on the high climbing vines,  
And the cold sweeping winds of November,  
Blow shrill through the oaks and the pines,

I am crouching far back in their shadow,  
Many times 'till the fall of the night,  
While I watch for the quail and the partridge,  
With gun and my faithful dog Sprite.

With his ears raised in high expectation,  
At the slightest faint rustle or creak,  
His brown eyes tell a story most human,  
That nature denies him to speak.

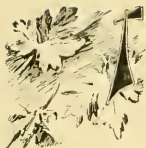
Oh! Spritey old boy - I can say it,  
Though words seem so sickly and pale,  
I loved every hair of your spotted sides,  
From your nose to the tip of your tail.





BAXTER'S MILL





N my fancy I see the old stage coach,  
It's the gala hour of the day,  
When behind its four sturdy horses,  
It comes rattling along the way.

On the box, in slouched hat, Jake the driver,  
Cracks his whip, as a signal to start,  
And the whizz of the lash as it circles,  
Shows a hand expert in the art.

Years pass, and the waters of Lewis Bay  
Lie ice-bound from hill to hill,  
And I hear the loud shouts of the skaters,  
On the pond by Baxter's Mill.

I can see the gray hair of the miller,  
As he stands by the open door,  
I can hear the sound of his oaken stick,  
As it strikes on the dusty floor.







H! miller, how swift in its passing,  
The time twixt that Winter and this,  
How changed are the scenes once familiar,  
How many the faces we miss.

The crown which you joyed to hold forward,  
In accents so measured and clear,  
Asking for it our ready acceptance,  
Has been yours for many a year.

As the seasons succeed one another,  
The years follow close in their train,  
And I'm a light-hearted boy no longer,  
But a youth, with brawn and brain.

At the top of the hill I am standing,  
On the shores of the inner bay,  
And I'm watching a boat that lies anchored,  
Painted white, with a streamer gay.





THE INNER BAY  
HYANNIS, MASS.





HE has more than a foot of freeboard,  
Her lines are well rounded and clear,  
With a slight forward rise from the water,  
And a beautiful easy sheer.

She is thoroughly staunch and trusty,  
As far as the eye can discern,  
And the name of Mollie, my sweet-heart,  
Is written in gold on the stern.

And through many long days of the Summer,  
I sit like a prince of the realm,  
As we dance o'er the bright sparkling water,  
With my Mollie's hand at the helm.

With our hooks set for drailing the blue-fish,  
We follow the shores far around,  
Past the lone Succunnessett Light-ship,  
And way out into Vineyard Sound.





H! Mollie, how plainly I see you,  
As you stand with your hand on your hip,  
And wave to the gay little Island Home,  
On her daily Nantucket trip.

The shades of the night are fast falling,  
The color fades out of the sky,  
As past the bell buoy and past the spindle,  
On the wings of the wind we fly.

Past the sandy shores of Great Island,  
With its light-house, sombre and gray;  
Past the railways and through the narrows,  
To our place again, in the bay.

Oh! years of our youth, short and fleeting,  
How soon you are lost to our gaze,  
But your memory's a bright golden halo,  
Which encircles the rest of our days.

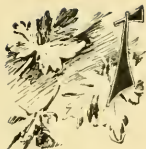






UNIVERSALIST CHURCH. STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND BURNED IN THE SUMMER OF 1871





T'S the thought of a day in November,  
Which is passing before my sight,  
And I see Mollie decked for the bridal,  
In a robe of the purest white.

To the church on the hillside, together  
We went, and e'en now I can hear  
The clear ringing strains of the organ,  
From its lofty perch in the rear.

On a hill by the side of the sea-shore,  
Stood our cottage so modest and plain,  
But to us it was fair as a mansion,  
With its fields of bright waving grain.

There we lived for many a long season,  
With our Harry and little Ben,  
'Till they grew to be youths, tall and stately,  
And would soon be staid business men.





RE long they had both gone and left us,  
And the home nest seemed empty and drear,  
And we both grew so tired and restless,  
And lost all our courage and cheer.

'Twas just then that a bold business venture,  
Upon my acceptance was pressed,  
And in less than a month we had started,  
To make a new home in the West.

In the bustle and whirl of the city,  
We lived for many a long day,  
'Till my Mollie's bright hair lost its lustre,  
And mine was thick sprinkled with gray,

We'd been prospered beyond expectation,  
And we'd had our full measure of health,  
But a sweeping disease, dire and frightful,  
Crept into our midst, as by stealth.











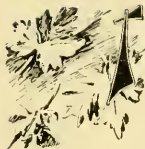
ND I saw Mollie droop like a lily,  
Cut down by the cold blighting frost,  
And I heard her dear voice growing weaker,  
As in feverish ravings she tossed.

I could hear her breath, shorter and faster,  
While the night settled heavy and chill,  
As for hours, by the side, I sat watching,  
Of Mollie, my sweet-heart still.

Scarce a week, but so full was the measure,  
Of wearying heartache and pain,  
That it seemed like long years in its passing,  
Ere I reached the old home again.

In the fair grove of oaks, on a hillside,  
I lay you my Mollie, to rest,  
In the care of the Father who gave you,  
And I turn again to the West.





N the care of the Father I leave you,  
And the thought comes soothing and mild,  
For I know in his love, he will never  
Forget you, his sleeping child.

In all the long years of my sojourn,  
Away from the home of my birth,  
Never once have my eyes gazed upon it,  
Never once have my feet pressed its earth.

Its s'reets all seem strangely familiar,  
But changed are the faces since then,  
And the youths, as they were when I left them,  
Ere long will be middle-aged men.

Before me lies stretched out the highway,  
With its beautiful archway of elms,  
They have grown till they've formed thick entwining  
Overhead, of leaves and of stems.





MAIN ST. LOOKING EAST  
FROM BAPTIST CHURCH





ND in place of the church on the hillside,  
Where my Mollie and I were wed,  
Is a temple whose beauty surpasses  
All its kind in the county, 'tis said.

New buildings have sprung up without number,  
Stores, houses, hotels and a bank;  
And the Cash Block, whose goodly proportions,  
Proclaim it a structure of rank.

On the site of the little brown schoolhouse,  
With its clock with the slow measured tick,  
The State Educational building,  
Lifts its walls of granite and brick.

And almost within reach of the shadow,  
Its height throws protectingly down,  
Is its equal in strength and in beauty,  
The schoolhouse just built by the town.







THE gray hills of the Port once so barren,  
Now pose as a watering place,  
And the Summer homes of the stranger,  
Stand in architectural grace.

Burt's Farm as I once used to know it,  
Is now a location of mark,  
It has avenues round it and through it,  
And they call it Hyannis Park.

Great Island no more has attraction,  
For the youths who were free to assume,  
To sit down and spread out their lunches,  
In Uncle Robert's front room.

Proofs of careful and high cultivation,  
On its many broad acres appear,  
And it's furnished in true English fashion,  
With a park and fleet-footed deer.





HYANNIS PORT.





'EN our cottage that stood by the sea-shore,  
Fell a prey to the whims of the hour;  
It has lawns and a wide spread veranda,  
And exults in a sightly tower.

Its walls show most graceful designings,  
Well suited the senses to please,  
And its furnishings spread out profusely,  
Are marvels of comfort and ease.

But far back in the shade of a hallway,  
The eye of skill has not scanned,  
And pressed deep in the hard yellow plaster,  
Is the print of a baby hand.

Thick and fast come a score of emotions,  
With a power which I cannot resist,  
As I gaze on the tiny impression,  
Of that dear little chubby fist.





LL the years that have passed are forgotten,  
And I see reaching toward me again,  
As in days of its helpless childhood,  
The hand of our little Ben.

And as naught are these charms of adornment,  
Or of the decorator's art,  
To this silent appeal, for it touches  
A tender place in my heart.

Old home with your varied surroundings,  
Your blending of ocean and shore,  
On your borders I'm longing to linger,  
A free, careless child as of yore.

For I'm tired of this wearisome burden,  
The cares of this wandering life,  
And I fain for a time would seek shelter,  
From its ceaseless worry and strife.







FATE stern and fixed bids me hasten,  
New duties to meet day by day,  
But thy memories will linger around me,  
A bright shining light to my way.

And wherever my footsteps may lead me,  
Away from thy woodlands and sea,  
May thy wandering child ne'er forget to  
Turn lovingly back to thee.

And may hours of the purest refreshment,  
Ever come, when remembrance combines,  
The thought of thy clear ocean breezes,  
With the breath of thy oaks and pines.



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